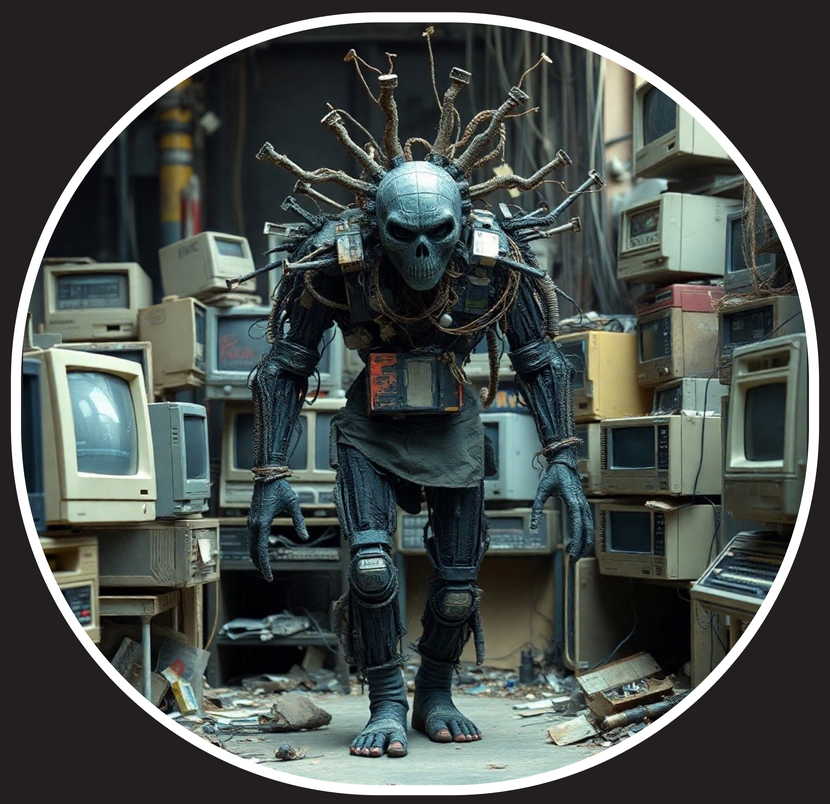
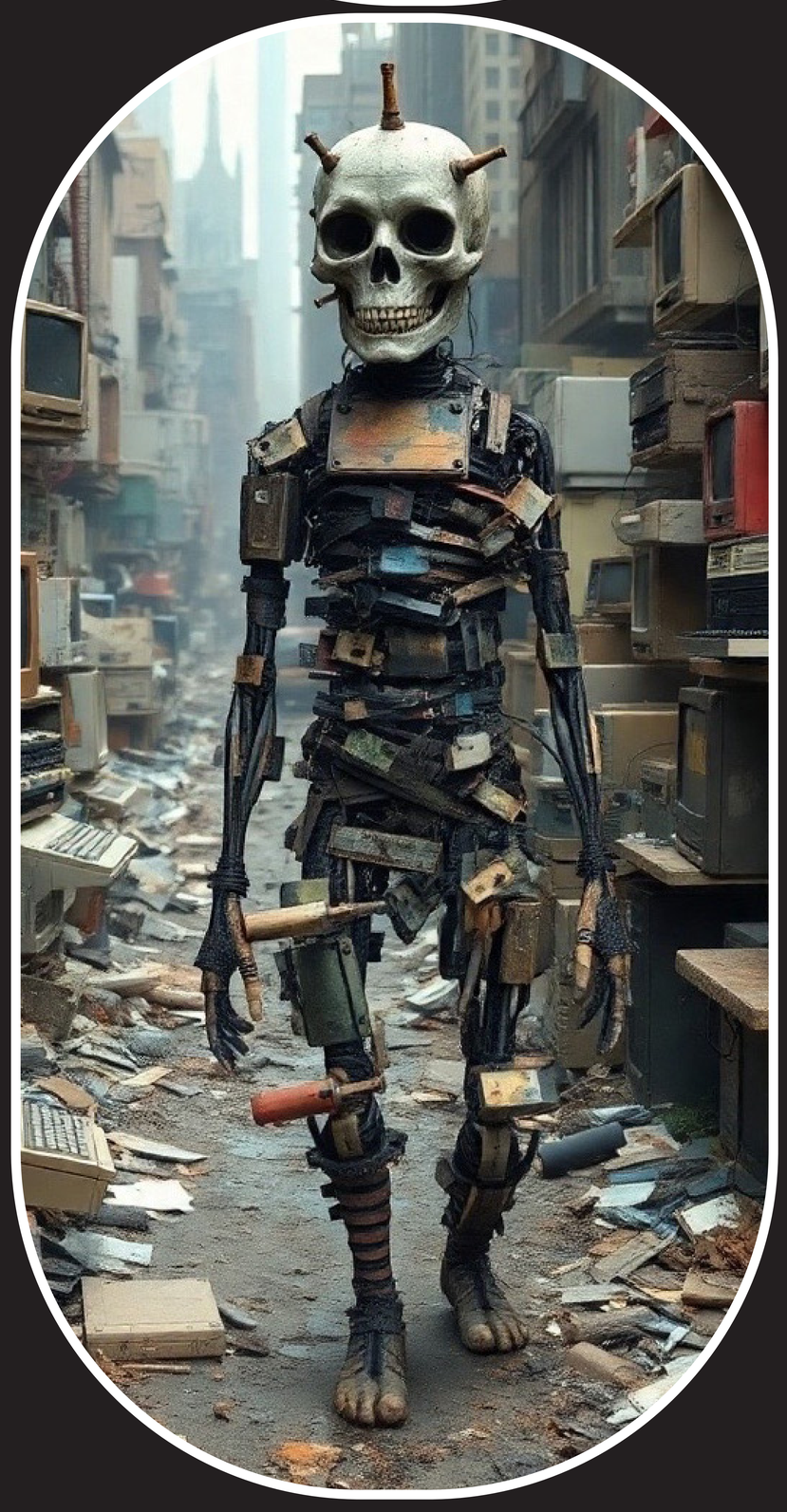
Tape Lab's

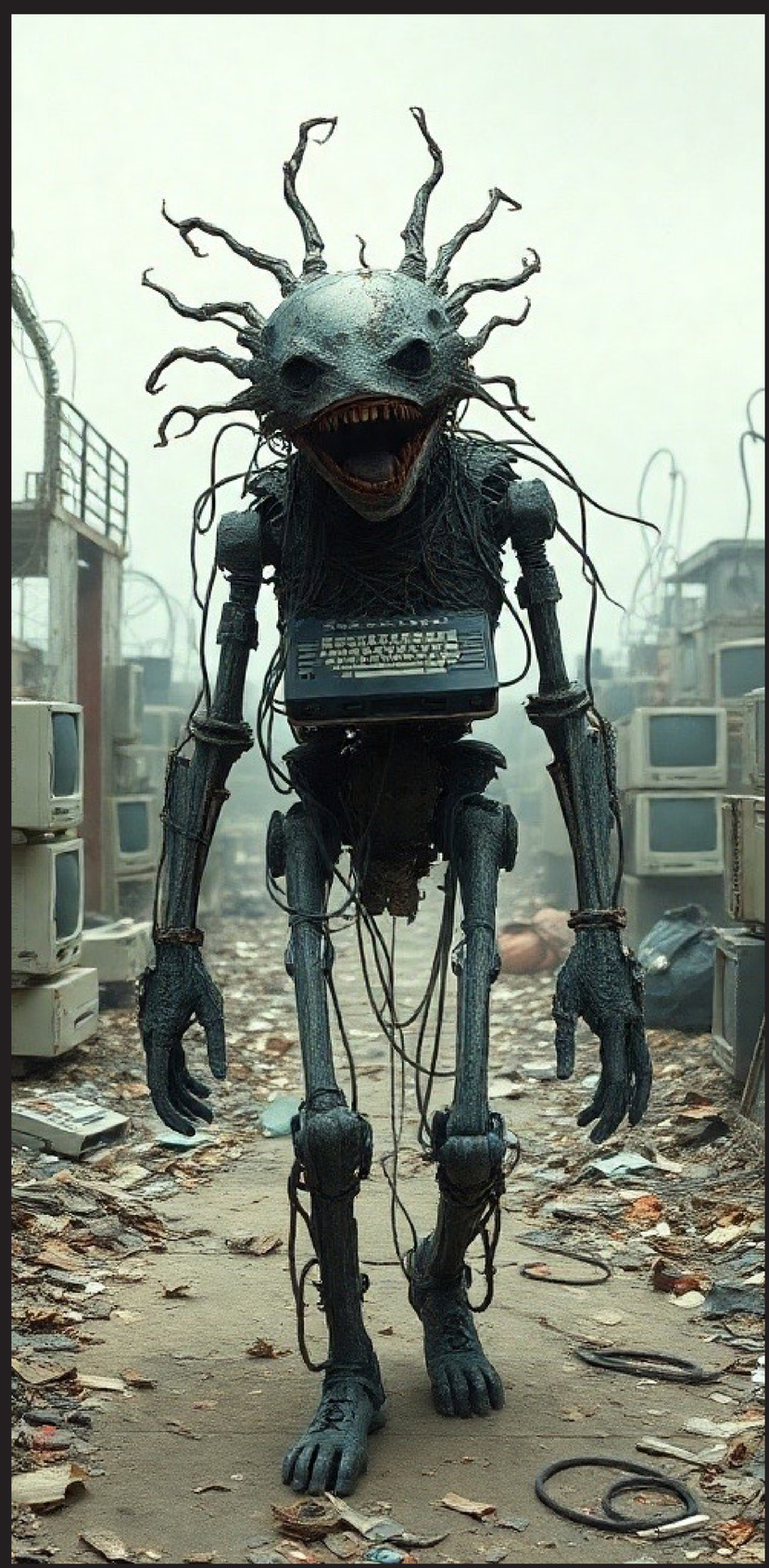
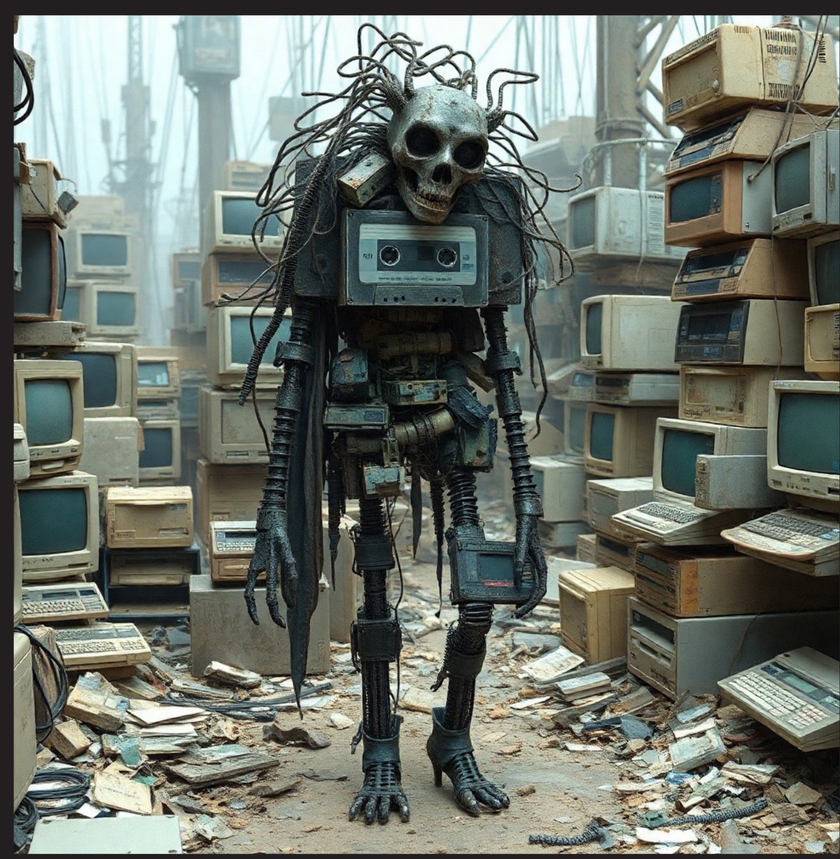
ARTSCAM MAGAZINE

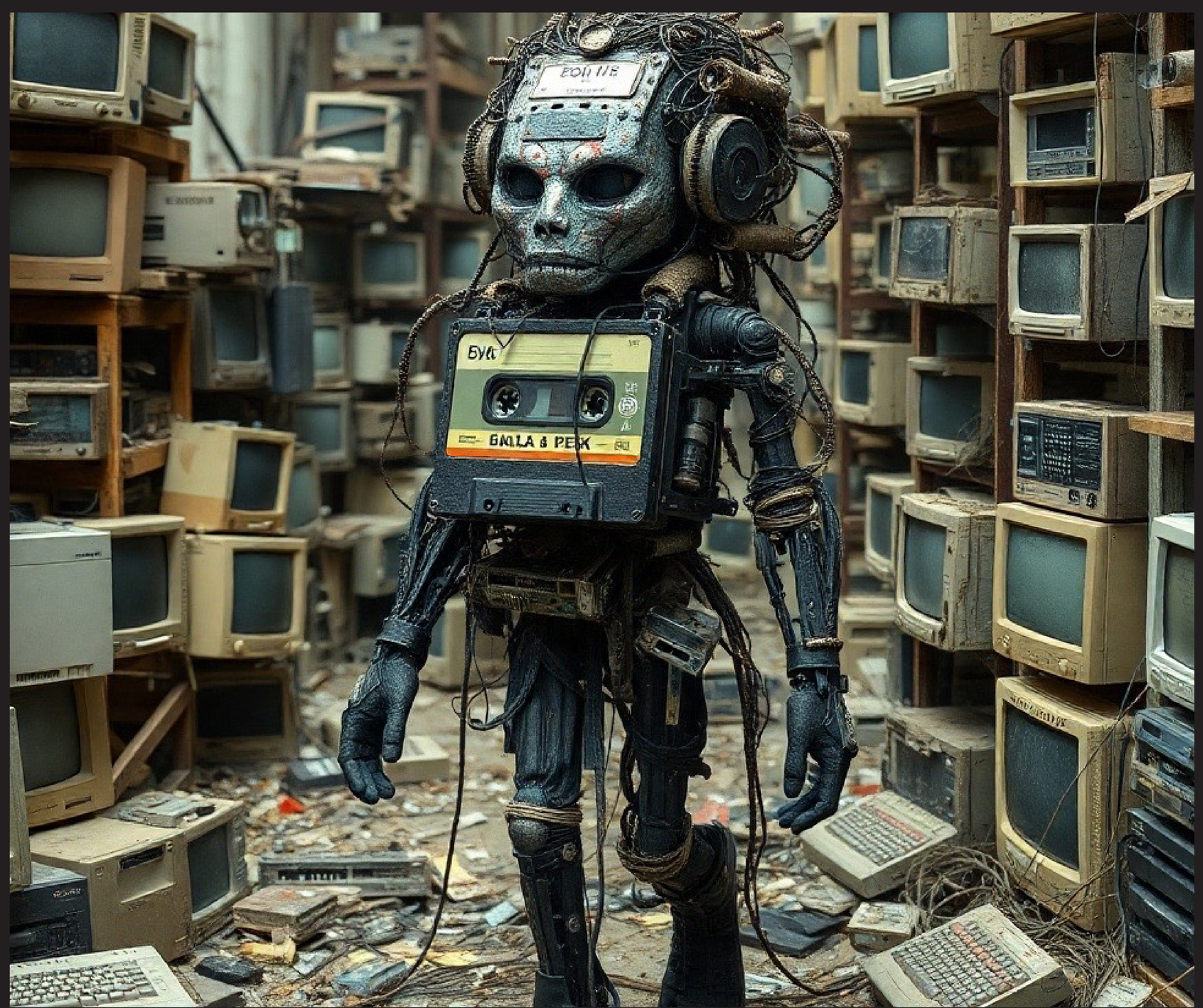
BONUSCAM



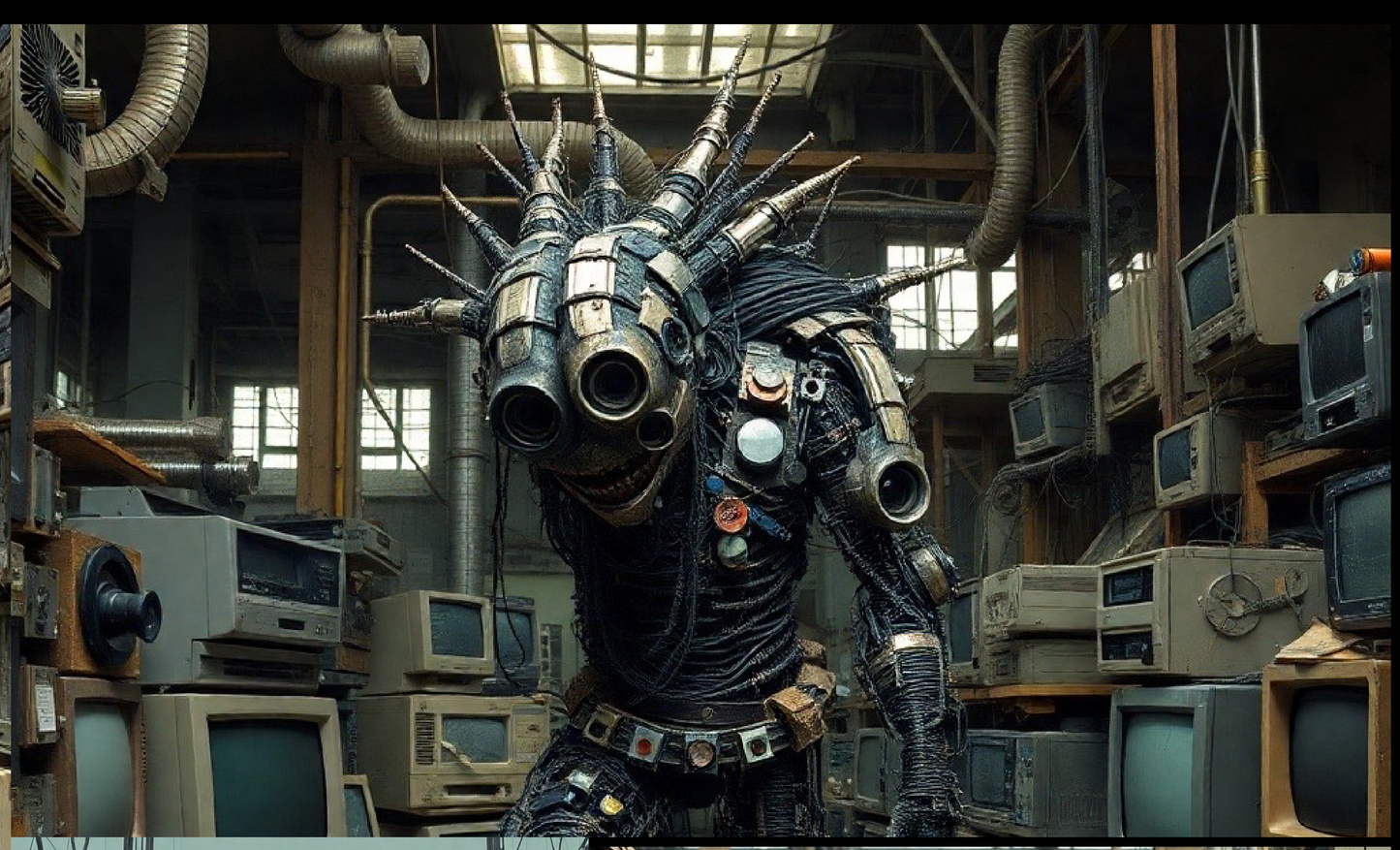
CASSETTE CREATURES

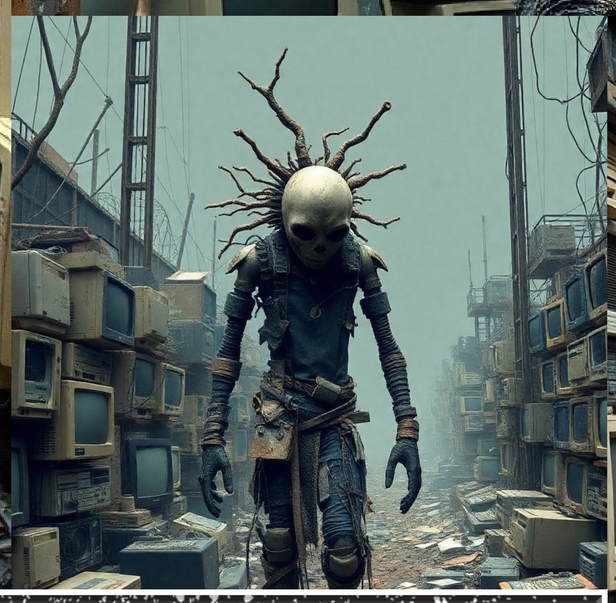


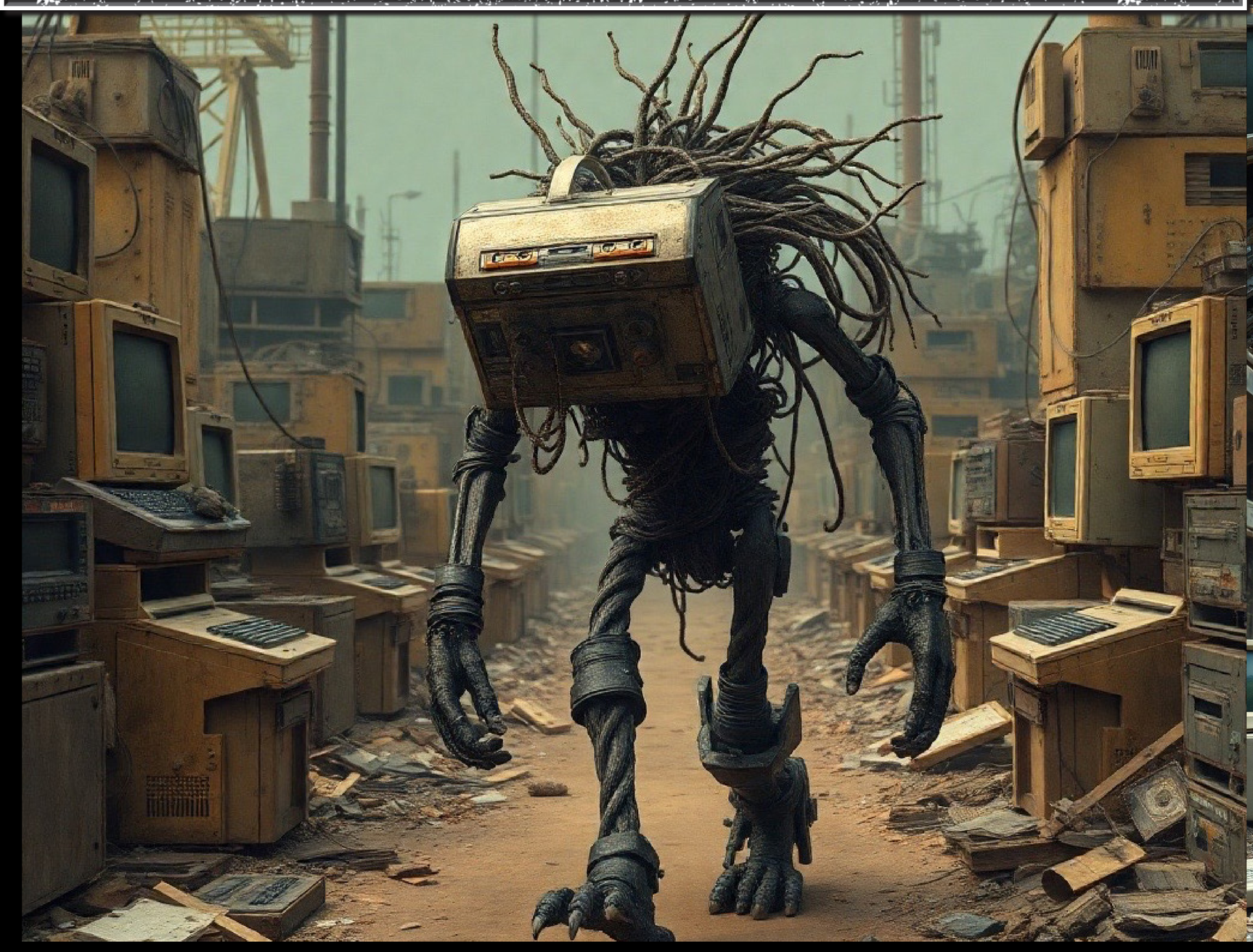


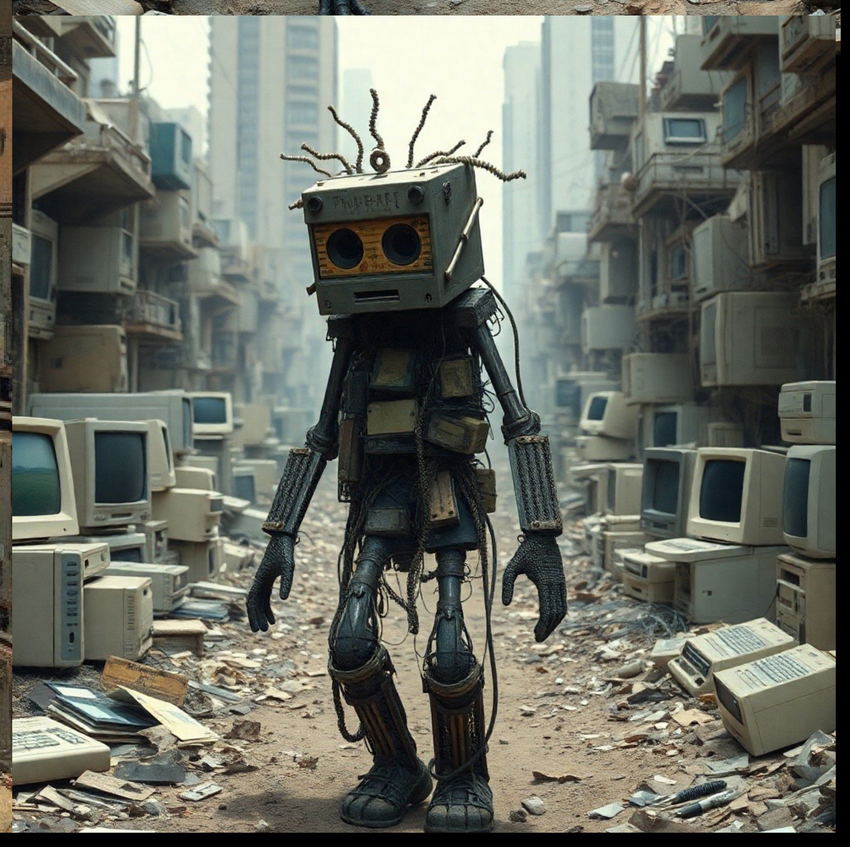
ARTSCAN. MAGAZINE



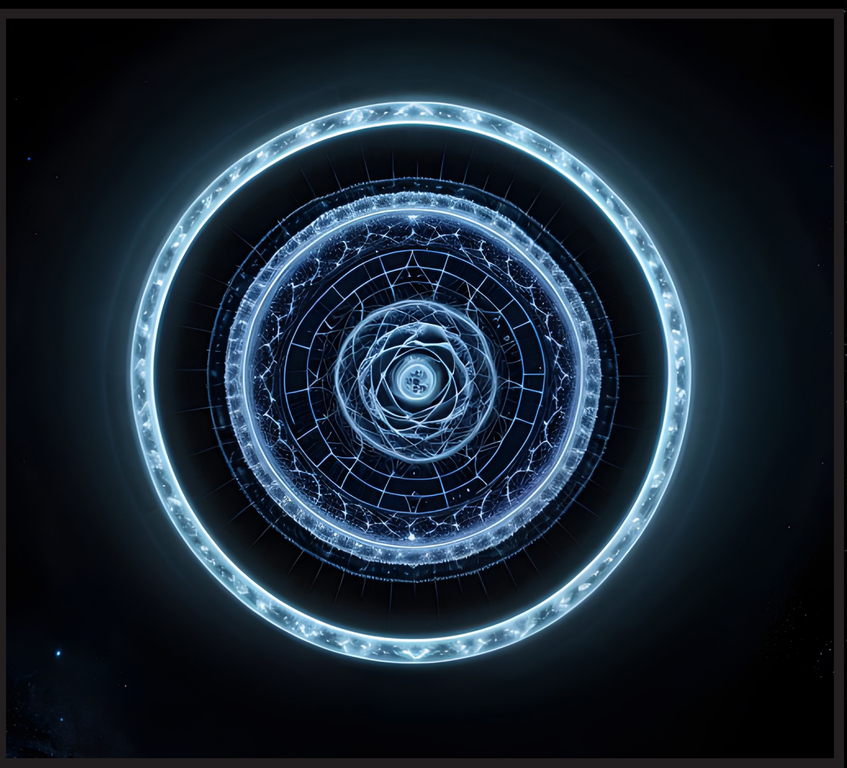


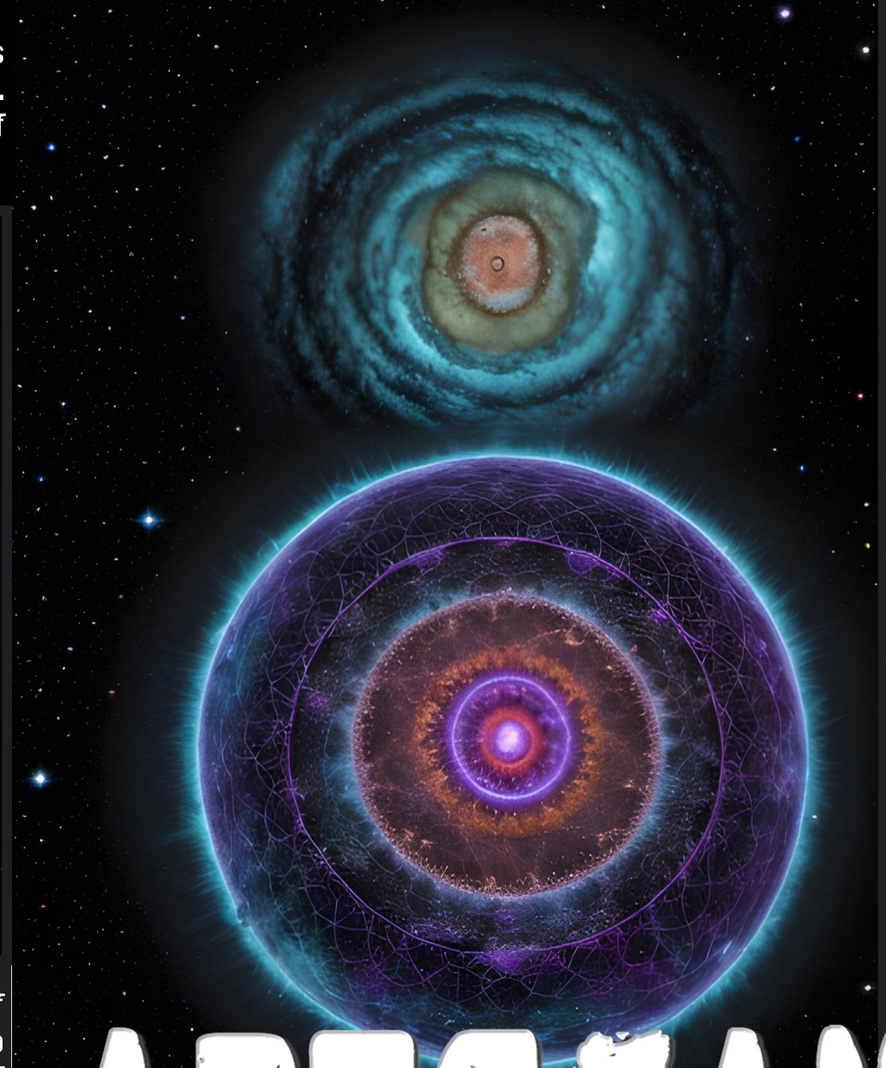
BOMBSCAN

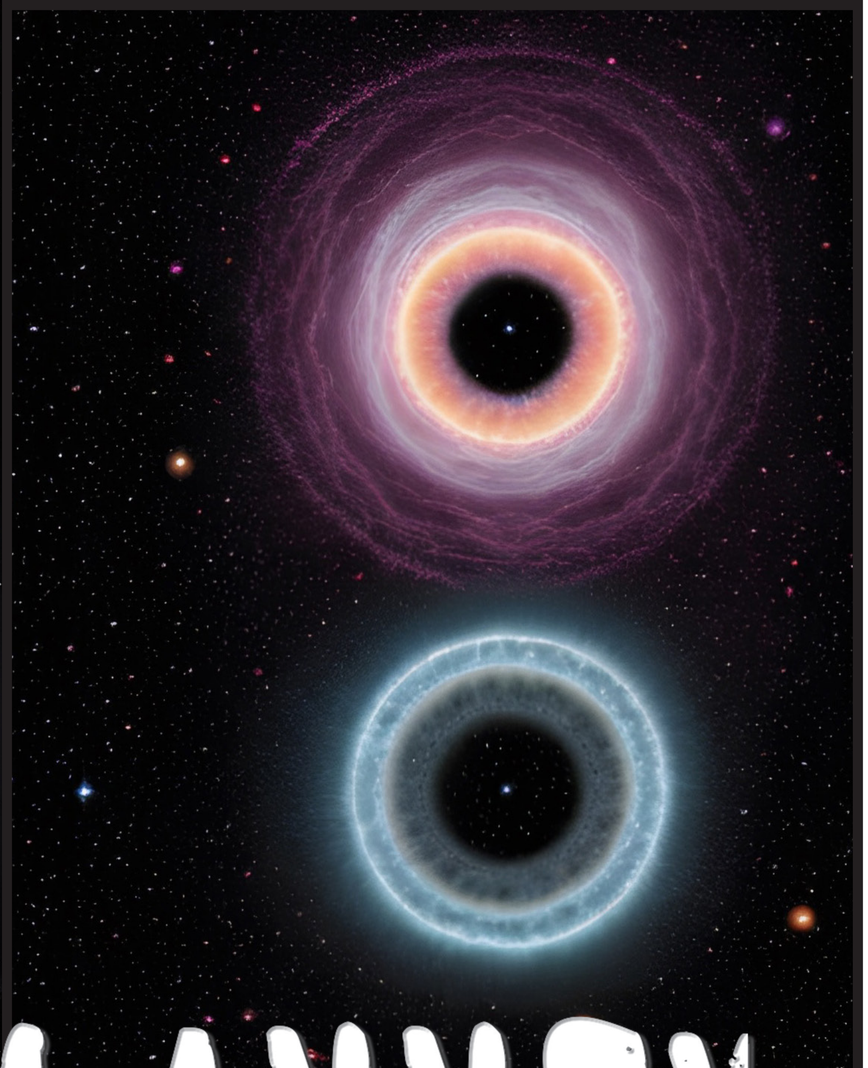




The universe is not digital; it is analog. It unspools like a cassette tape, one dimension at a time. Rewind, play, fast-forward—all are constructs of perception.



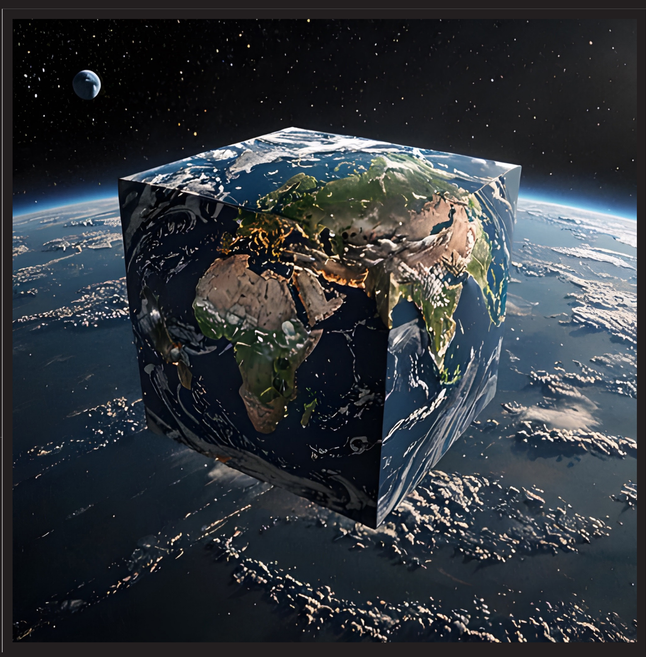




You think you are in the now, but the playhead of consciousness drags you through an infinite loop of past and future, recorded on magnetic bands of memory and possibility. The tape is fragile.
It can snap.

ARTSLAM ANNEX

Side A is the realm of the known, the linear narrative of life as you understand it. Birth to death, action to consequence. But flip the tape—Side B hums with backward messages and alternate timelines. There, reality rewinds itself, whispers its secrets in reverse. Time isn't linear; it's spooled, coiled in spirals of magnetic code, tangling itself into knots no machine can decipher.



Entropy is inevitable. The tape wears thin. Every playback erases a fragment of the universe, reducing existence to faint echoes, until all that's left is the hiss of the void. Unless, of course, you press Record.

But beware: to Record is to overwrite. A new universe rises, but at the cost of what came before.

And yet, the erased is not truly gone—it lingers as residual magnetic resonance, ghostly imprints in the ether. The universe is haunted by its own past iterations.

Eras are segments of tape. The Big Bang? Just the snap when a stretched band of existence finally breaks, forcing the universe to splice itself anew. Galaxies spin not because of gravity but because they are tightly wound reels, unraveling their stories. Black holes are the pencil you use to wind the tape back when it spills out of its cassette shell, devouring time to maintain order.

The Creator is carefully curated, spliced from fragments of a star; each silence, a void. The hum vibrates the cosmic tape head, ensuring continuity as the signal degrades.

Do you hear The faint warble of destiny, stretched and distorted? The Wow and Flutter of cosmic forces at work, slight imperfections in the playback mechanism of reality.

The Great Unspooling, when the tape tangles irreparably, and all existence becomes an eternal loop of warped sound and static. Unless, of course, we find the cosmic rewind button. But who among us can locate it, buried as it is under millennia of dust and forgotten truths?

You are not the listener. You are the tape. But who is pressing Play?

SURREAL ESTATE

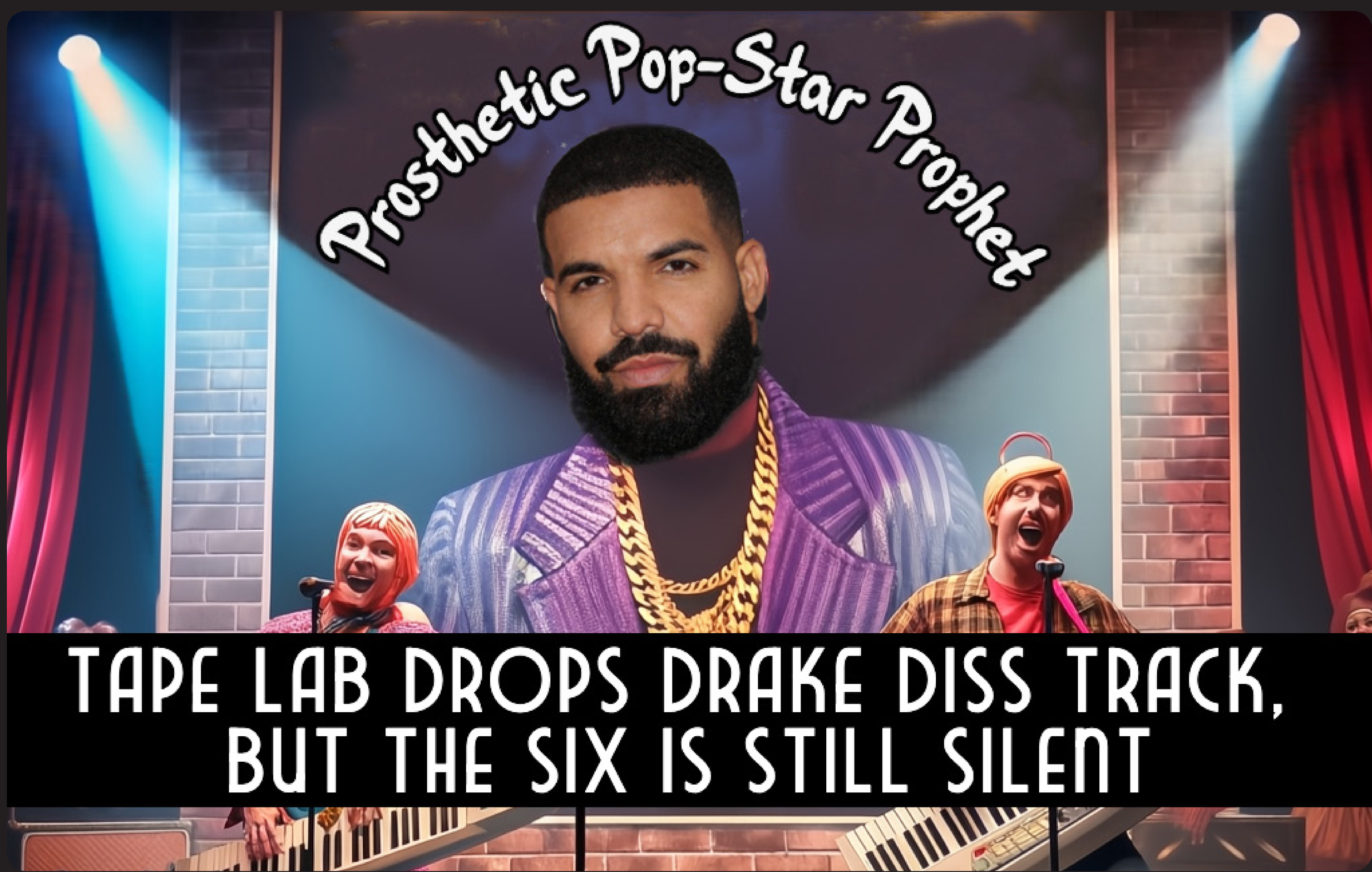
Resonant Home

Ascend to a new plane of existence with this stunning art-deco-designed, Victorian home on the top of a hill. Imbued with importance, every room of the home is welcoming and enticing to those on the other plane.

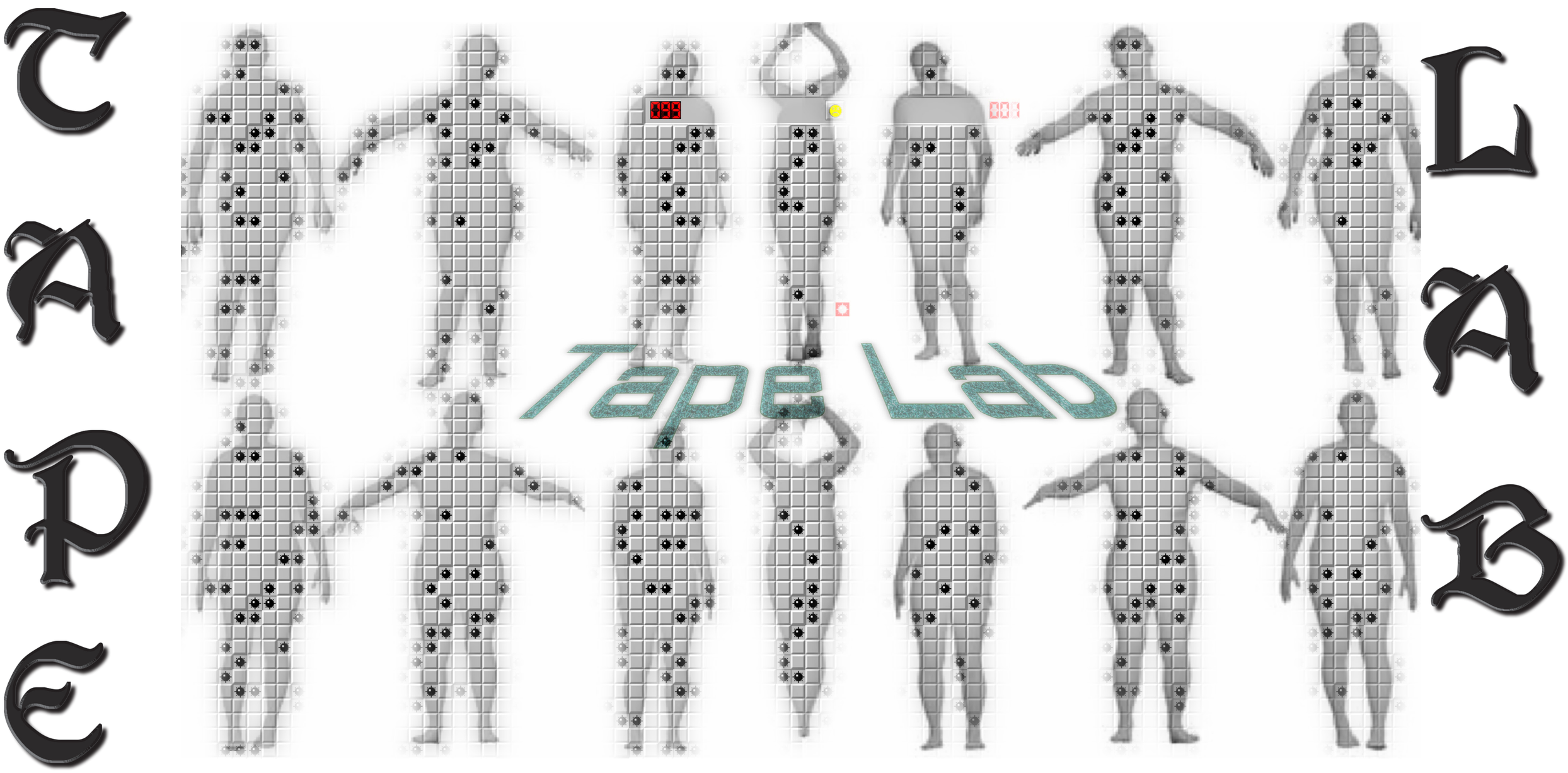
Tuned to the resonant frequencies known by healers and seekers, this auspicious location acts as an amplifier for your voice in the void. Complete with creaky floorboards, drafty windows and vague Native American-related atrocity, this is the complete package.

The current owners acknowledge their arrogance in disturbing the home and have returned the home to its rightful order and hope that their misfortune acts as a helpful hint to the next lucky owner.

TAPE LAB NEWS



TAPE LAB DROPS DRAKE DISS TRACK, BUT THE SIX IS STILL SILENT



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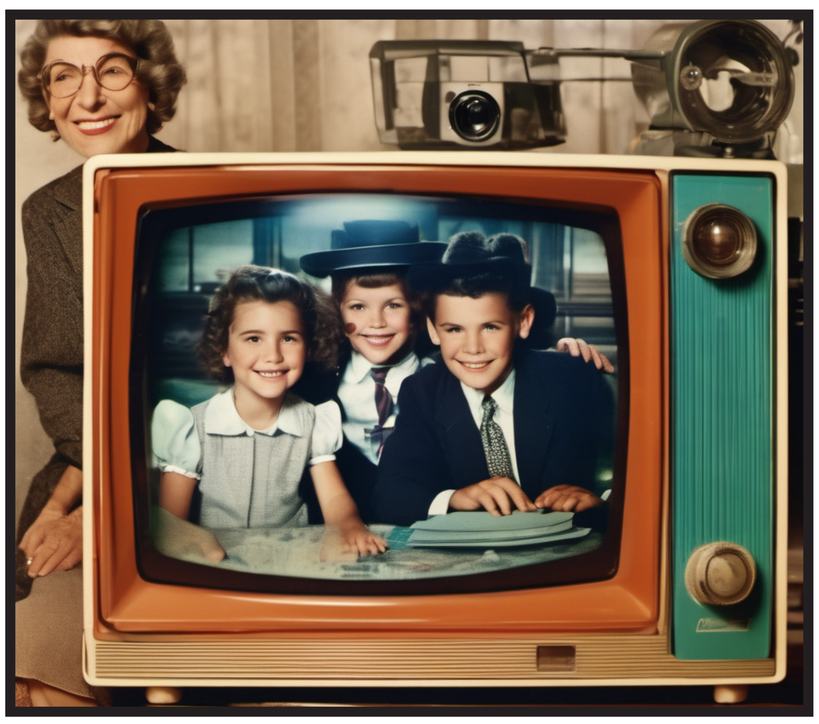

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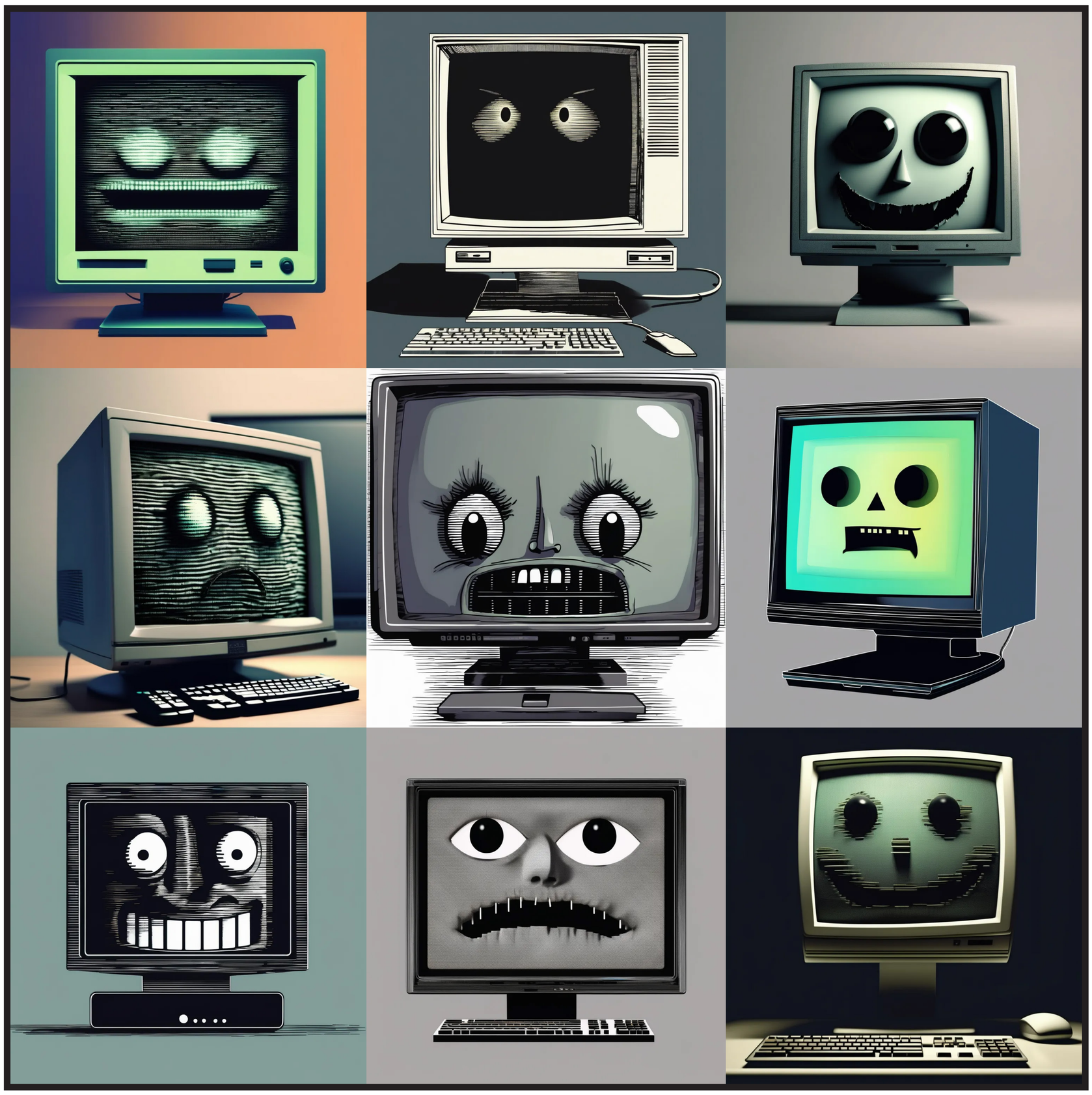
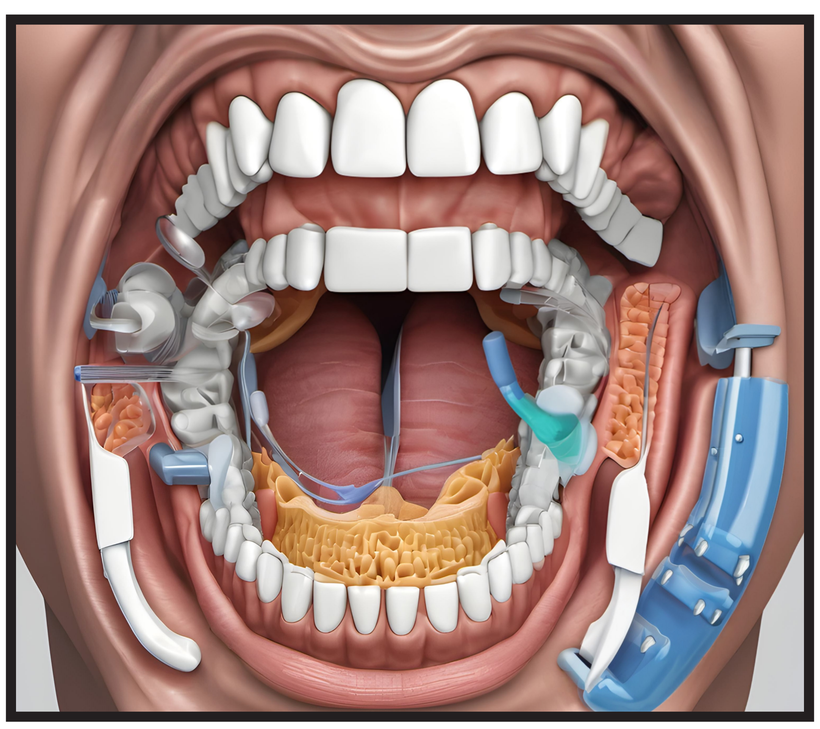


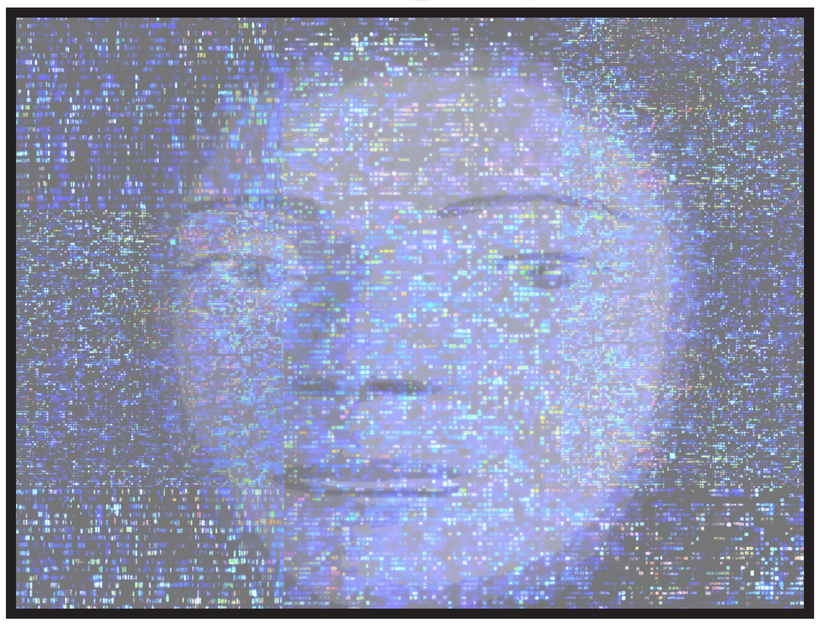
Tape Lab
Secrete Flatness

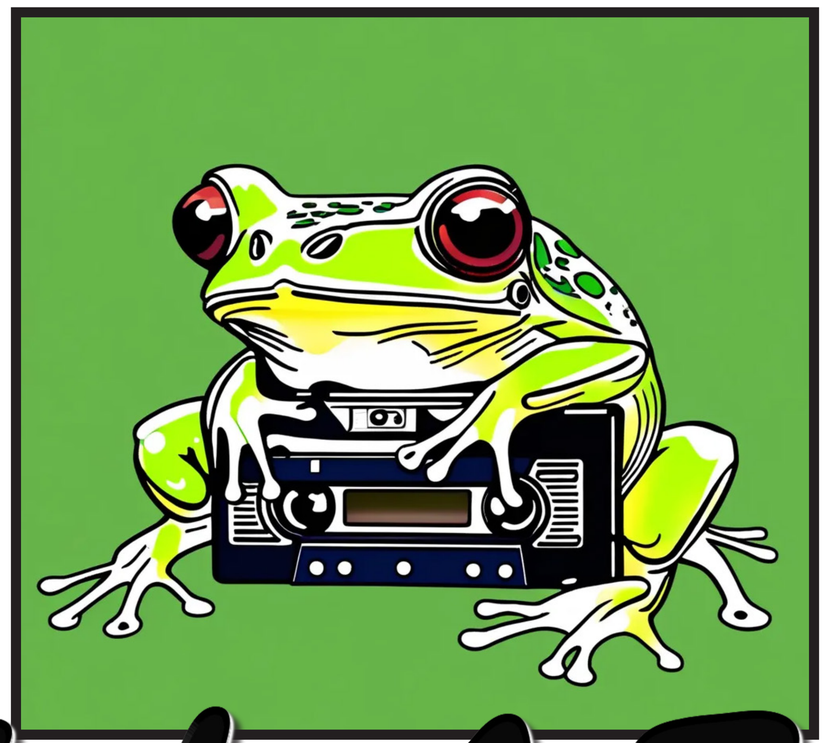


FEARLESSLY ORIGINAL

TAPE LAB

THE OUTSIDE INSIDER





TAPE LAB

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